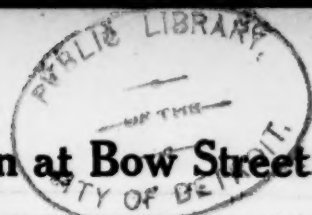


THE ACADEMY
September 11, 1909

SEP 20 1909

W. H. Smith & Son at Bow Street



THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1949

SEPTEMBER 11, 1909

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE proceedings instituted by Mr. Manners-Sutton against Mr. Crosland for alleged libel had their sequel on Wednesday last at the Central Criminal Court, when the bill was brought before the Grand Jury. The prosecutor did not put in an appearance, and had not instructed counsel. We saw Mr. Elliott, K.C., at the Old Bailey, and we naturally supposed that he was there to represent his client; but on inquiry we were informed that he had received no instructions, and Mr. Manners-Sutton was represented only by his solicitor, armed with a telegram in which Mr. Manners-Sutton explained that he was ill and unable to attend. In view of the fact that Mr. Crosland had announced his intention of pleading justification, the Grand Jury, as a matter of course, returned a true bill against him. Mr. Manners-Sutton, being unrepresented by counsel, had no *locus standi* before the Recorder, and consequently it was only by the courtesy of Mr. Crosland, who was represented by Mr. Valetta and Mr. Wing, that an adjournment until next sessions was agreed upon. We sincerely trust that Mr. Manners-Sutton's state of health will be such as will enable him to appear on October 12th, when the adjourned case will be heard. Meanwhile, we must apologise to the very large number of persons who have applied for copies of the pamphlet, "The Truth about Cope and Fenwick," whose forthcoming appearance has been advertised in THE ACADEMY for several weeks past. THE ACADEMY is naturally anxious to avoid even the appearance of doing anything which might tend to interfere with the course of justice, and accordingly the pamphlet will not appear until after the hearing of *Rex v. Crosland*.

The collection of Chimu pottery, which was discovered in Peru under romantic circumstances by Mr. T. Hewitt Myring, is one of extraordinary interest. Both Sir Clements Markham and Mr. Read, of the British Museum, have already expressed their earnest desire that some wealthy person of large means will be found to purchase the collection in its entirety, and thus prevent the calamity of allowing it to pass either to Germany or to America. The collection has been valued by these experts at about

£50,000, but Mr. Myring has patriotically offered to allow it to be purchased for the British Museum for the sum of £12,000. It consists of very nearly eight hundred pieces of pottery, the complete study of which would occupy many days, and it forms the only substantial memorial of a race which had attained to a high degree of civilisation and become totally extinct as long as 5,000 years before the birth of Christ. A large number of the pieces, in addition to their extraordinary antiquarian interest, possess great artistic beauty of design, and the colours remain as fresh as if they had been painted a week ago. Some few of the finely modelled heads were, when they were discovered, inlaid with silver and turquoise, but the silver had become completely corroded, and the turquoise fell to dust immediately on being exposed to the air, only the pottery itself and a few gold rings having survived an interment which has lasted over nearly a hundred centuries. It will indeed be a shocking commentary on the want of public spirit of our rich men if such a priceless collection is allowed to pass out of the country, but to do our millionaires justice we do not think that anything like sufficient publicity has been given to the nature of the find, a letter by Sir Clements Markham to the *Times* and an article or so in one or other of the illustrated papers, being, as far as we are aware, the only intimation that has yet been placed before the public. As the authorities of the British Museum are so anxious to acquire the collection for the nation, we suggest to them that they should obtain Mr. Myring's consent to putting it on public view within the precincts of the Museum and allowing it to remain there for at any rate a few weeks. If this course is adopted we cannot doubt that someone will be found to pay the comparatively small sum which is needed to preserve it for the nation.

An instructive and interesting controversy is going on in the papers about the claims of Messrs. Cook and Peary to have discovered the North Pole. The latter gentleman's claim seems to rest chiefly on the fact that he has sent a telegram to his wife saying: "I have got the old Pole," and another telegram to the President of the United States saying: "I have the honour to place the North Pole at your service." Mr. Cook's claim, on the other hand, seems to rest entirely on his own word. "I say so, and I ought to know," seems to be the great strength of Mr. Cook's position, and on the evidence of this assertion, several times repeated, the Royal Danish Geographical Society have presented him with a gold medal, which precipitate action they are now apparently viewing with regret. The wives of the two heroes are both "convinced" that their respective husbands have discovered the Pole, and the State of Denmark, which, we need not remind our readers, is largely infected with suffragitis in its most acute form, naturally attaches great importance to the views of these ladies. "We demand the Pole," is their cry, and it is one that is bound to appeal strongly to a petticoat-governed country. THE ACADEMY does not propose at this stage to commit itself to any definite expression of opinion. We shall confine ourselves to stating that up to the present we fail to find any reasonable evidence that either Mr. Peary or Mr. Cook has been within a hundred miles of the Pole, and that our knowledge of the nature of Yankee bluff and impudence leads us to entertain the gravest scepticism as to the claims of either of the gentlemen in question.

The reports as to the financial difficulties of Mr. Stephen Phillips make very unpleasant reading. It seems that while Mr. Phillips's total liabilities do not exceed three hundred pounds, he is about to be made a bankrupt. We are aware that the condition of bankruptcy is nowadays regarded by many people as a huge joke, but in point of fact no condition can be more galling or more oppressive to a man of feeling. In his day Mr. Stephen Phillips has done considerable work both for Mr. John Lane, of the Bodley Head, and for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, of His Majesty's Theatre. That either of these gentlemen should sit quietly by and allow a poet and dramatist of Mr. Phillips's parts to go bankrupt for such a trifling sum as three hundred pounds appears to us to be incredible. Mr. Phillips has attributed his bankruptcy to the failure of *Faust* at His Majesty's. In the compilation of *Faust* Mr. Phillips was assisted by Mr. Comyns Carr, and Mr. Comyns Carr has written to the papers to say that, so far from "*Faust*" being a failure, it had a run of over eighty nights and resulted "in a substantial profit to the theatre." This being so, it seems to us that Sir Herbert Tree, with the possible assistance of Mr. Comyns Carr, might quite readily rescue Mr. Phillips from the sharks who infest the waters of bankruptcy. And if neither Sir Herbert nor Mr. Comyns Carr or Mr. John Lane have a sufficient regard for Mr. Phillips's past work to whip up among them a matter of three hundred pounds, we for our part are prepared to open a subscription list with the sum of ten guineas for the purpose of relieving Mr. Stephen Phillips from his present embarrassment. Mr. Phillips may not be the greatest poet alive, but he is a poet, and he has thousands of admirers, and if three hundred pounds cannot be raised to help him out of his bankruptcy Mr. Phillips's admirers ought to be ashamed of themselves. Besides, where are the other poets and the other "men of letters" who will allow a fellow poet and a fellow man of letters to sink while they swim prettily round with red-hot sovereigns in their lockers? We shall have more to say on this subject next week.

Mr. Clement Shorter continues to distribute sugar-plums to the deserving. "To me," he warbles in this week's *Sphere*, "Mr. Walkley's descriptions of plays are far the most entertaining that I read. It is true that the Majority of the *Times*' readers never know when it is Mr. Walkley and when it is his understudy, Mr. Child, that is writing, both are so clever, but Mr. Walkley's attitude has always been that the theatre is rather a bore, and he usually looks bored when he is in the theatre. No one has ever suspected him of the quality with which Shelley was charged—a passion for reforming the world." It would be interesting to know what in the name of goodness our dear Clement is trying to say. That he wishes Messrs. Walkley and Child to understand that he, Clement, indulges a kindly respect for them is obvious, though it does not matter. For the rest, Mr. Shorter's paragraph reminds us of a dash to the Pole. As a sort of last despairing cry, C. K. S. remarks, with his hand on his waistcoat, "I, for one, am heart and soul with the men of letters." Who'd 'a thought it?

In a further paragraph, Mr. Shorter treats us to the following inspired sentence: "Mr. Oscar Wilde rightly declared himself to be a lord of language." "Rightly," coming from Mr. Shorter, settles a whole host of high literary questions. But we wonder what Mr. Wilde would have thought of Mr. Shorter's genial approval. Perhaps he

might have said, "Art is long, life is shorter." This is an important proposition, and we beg of Mr. Shorter to consider it in all its aspects.

Writing in the *Saturday Review* about some contributions of his own, the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* remarks, "And now I look over these pages, and wonder quite sincerely if they are in the least interesting? Certainly there is no art in them; there is merely a record of some commonplace doings of a lonely person who in his secret soul hates being alone. And yet if they are dull, it is because I have consciously made a selection from among my commonplace doings, and not put down everything. If I had told all—what I had to eat, the serious difficulties about the chairs, what I really felt when the post came and there was nothing for me, how the waiter was drunken and the waitress imbecile, how there is a little lawn in front of the hotel on which now a drove of young turkeys feed, now a squadron of ducks, now a mob of chickens, but never all three together—would that be interesting? If I could keep myself out of it I daresay it would; but you know I could not; and I will spare you my reflections on turkey-life." Poor young man! What wit and shining wisdom have we here! Why go to the Tivoli when you can read the *Saturday Review*?

We are hearing a great deal just now about "the silence of Mr. John Burns." The hapenny papers represent Mr. Burns to be a violent enemy of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget proposals, and disposed to cry out against them, were it not for the unfortunate fact that he is "gagged and bound." For our own part, we like the silence of Mr. Burns, not only as to the Budget, but on all other topics. He is not a man who should ever have been permitted to say his say outside of Hyde Park, and we are glad to find that even the stupidest of Cabinets is beginning to take the fact to heart. The late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's working-man Cabinet Minister served in the office of a great scoop for the *Daily Mirror*, but there, in our opinion, his service to his country has ended. Mr. Burns is probably a quite worthy private citizen and a most useful member of the Labour Party. But to make a Cabinet Minister of him was to lay the statesmanship of the country open to ridicule, and we cannot express any regret that Mr. Asquith should be reaping in pain what Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman sowed in carpet-bagging.

We note that Mr. Eveleigh Nash is advertising a work "by the famous author, Mr. George Gilbert." We do not wish to deny that Mr. George Gilbert is a famous author. On the other hand, we do not remember to have heard of him before. It would be kind of Mr. Nash to inform us upon what grounds he describes Mr. George Gilbert as "a famous author." He can have a column in this paper in which to set forward his reasons, and no matter how famous Mr. George Gilbert may be, another column of fame will not do him any great harm. Perhaps Mr. Nash will oblige not later than the first post on Wednesday morning.

Under the new anti-socialistic régime *Vanity Fair* improves. True, Mr. Harris contributes to the current number, but he is confined to the prosaic subject of flying machines, and the ethereal mildness of what he has to say may be gauged by the sub-headings of his article, which run as follows:—

THE ARRANGEMENTS
NO ACCIDENTS
ONE LESSON OF THE WEEK

Here, obviously, we have the merest roaring as of sucking doves. It is amazing to behold the mighty-mouthed inventor of complaints about coffee so tamed, but it is satisfactory. Our one complaint about the current

Vanity Fair would bear reference to an article entitled "Alfred Butt and the Palace." This *jeu d'esprit* is adorned with a somewhat mournful picture of Mr. Butt, who, *Vanity Fair* may be glad to know, is really a very pleasant gentleman, and not an undertaker at all. Furthermore, the article contains the following extraordinary sentences: "Even though the ordinary and travelled Britisher is unacquainted with the everyday life of America—which, by the bye, is far more foreign than that of France or Germany—yet he cannot help feeling and realising that Irene Franklin's sketch of a 'Quick Lunch Waitress' is absolutely true to life, despite its obvious exaggerations." We should have concluded that this was a bit of Harris were it not for the fact that the article is signed "Raymond Blathwayt." Mr. Blathwayt goes on to inform us that Mr. Barclay Gammon, who is appearing at the Palace, "is in himself an epitome of modernity, a gauge of the growth in the popular intelligence." We wonder what Mr. Blathwayt means by this remark. We have always had a suspicion that there was something wrong with the popular intelligence, but the suggestion that there is a growth in it startles us. What has Mr. Gammon to say on the subject? There can be no doubt that, taking it on the whole, the entertainment at the Palace Theatre is kept at a high level of excellence. Mr. Butt sees to that. But Miss Irene Franklin, with a sketch which "is absolutely true to life, despite its obvious exaggerations," and Mr. Barclay Gammon as "a gauge of the growth in the popular intelligence," make one smile.

Then there is *Vanity Fair's* poetry—oh! this poetry. The week's effusion is signed "Dolf Wyllarde," and here is the first stanza:—

There's an English law it is well to heed,
Though unwritten all the same,
And dark as Sanscrit to alien ears,
It is this—that you Play the Game.
You may lie to a woman, if only, at need,
You lie for her, loyally;
You may cheat your friend in a business way,
So long as it's business—see?
But you mustn't rat, and you mustn't sneak,
Or the Devil himself cries "Shame!"
You may set your foot on the Decalogue
So long as you Play the Game.

Dolf must try again, particularly now that the football season is upon us. In spite of these blemishes, however, *Vanity Fair* has improved "all the same."

From the current issue of *John Bull* we take the following paragraph:—

Last November the *Daily Telegraph* issued "Queen Alexandra's Gift Book." It was an attractive volume, and the popularity of the royal author assured an enormous circulation. Indeed, it is stated that no less than half a million copies were sold, and we were told that the proceeds would be distributed in charity. Since then, £10,000 has been doled out to the pauper trusts, Salvation and Church Armies, etc., and £1,000 was spent at Shoolbred's on officers' comforts. Surely somebody must have made much more than £11,000 out of the book. As many purchasers were induced to spend their half-crowns by the announcement that the profits would be spent in charity, we feel we are entitled to ask for a further account.

It may interest our readers to know that a further account of this matter may be forthcoming after the Long Vacation. In point of fact, an action for the recovery of royalties on "Queen Alexandra's Gift Book" was instituted by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland some months ago, and the action is still pending. Her Majesty the Queen has been acquainted with the circumstances, and while we have no information on the subject, it seems to us probable that Her Majesty's advisers are withholding the proceeds of the sale until the action in question can be decided. Mr. Bottomley must bide his time.

W. H. SMITH & SON AT BOW STREET

ON Monday last, Mr. Marsham heard at Bow Street an adjourned summons against "Alfred Dyke Acland, Charles Harry St. John Hornby, the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., and C. Awdry, partners in the firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, newsagents and bookstall proprietors, to show cause why two obscene publications seized upon the firm's bookstall at Charing Cross railway station should not be destroyed." The partners, good easy men, did not appear, and they were not even represented; Mr. Marsham therefore made an order for the destruction of the copies seized, and awarded costs to the person who instituted the prosecution. Nobody in his senses can fail to perceive that Messrs. Smith now stand convicted of having been engaged in the distribution of obscene publications, and while they may claim that they were ignorant of the nature of those publications, the law makes no allowance for ignorance, and Messrs. Smith have had to submit to the destruction of eighteenpennyworth of their property. In itself this affair may seem trivial, and there are people in the world who will consider that the real offenders are not Messrs. Smith, but the persons who wrote and published the works involved. Messrs. Smith will believe this themselves. They profess to be mere distributors, and they profess ignorance of the nature of the goods they distribute. At the preliminary hearing of the case now before us, counsel for Messrs. Smith described the prosecution as vexatious, and asked why Messrs. Smith and Son should be selected for the proceedings. It was also pointed out that Messrs. Smith displayed for sale upon their bookstalls upwards of a thousand different publications, and that "it was physically impossible for Messrs. Smith and Son to exercise judgment upon the tone of the literature they so widely distributed."

We have italicised this latter passage because it embodies the specious excuse which Messrs. Smith invariably put forward when they are tackled on this vital public question of dubious literature. We assert that it is not physically impossible for Messrs. Smith to exercise judgment upon the tone of the literature they distribute. We assert further that any ordinary person acquainted with the journalism of the day could secure Messrs. Smith from further prosecution and entirely purge their bookstalls of doubtful literature by putting in two hours' work a day for five days a week. What is more, Messrs. Smith have in their own employment half a dozen men who could perform this work for them quite admirably, and if it comes to that, they could easily find a man who would undertake the duties for a few hundreds a year. And if Messrs. Smith's profits are so meagre that they cannot afford to employ the right kind of person to assist them in this matter, we are open, in the public interest, to examine free of charge at this office all publications they may propose to display upon their bookstalls, and to give them, without charge, full and detailed reasons why certain publications should not be sold. The present firm of Smith appear to be entirely devoid of a proper knowledge of their own strength and powers. "Old Morality" built up for them a credit and a reputation of the very finest kind. In spite of prosecutions, and in the face of criticism and the hard facts, the general public still retain a sort of blind faith in Smith's. If the author of an unseemly book were to be prosecuted and were to plead that his book had been steadily sold by W. H. Smith and Son, that plea would have weight with the jury, and would go a great way towards a verdict of acquittal. "Old Morality" not only gave these people a business, but he also gave them a good name, and a good name backed up with a little money is not easily destroyed. We, for our part, are now offering Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, free, gratis, and for nothing, an opportunity for retaining their good name and for giving peace to the soul of "Old Morality." The only arguments that they might conceivably put forward in opposition to our proposal are, first, that a censorship such

as we suggest would result in monetary loss to themselves; and secondly, that we might take a narrow view of what classes of literature should and should not be sold. With regard to argument number one, we can assure Messrs. W. H. Smith that there is absolutely nothing in it. Out of the thousand publications they sell, probably not more than fifty would require to be examined for indecencies or undesirabilities, and of these fifty forty-nine would cease to print indecencies and undesirabilities the moment it was known that Smith's were looking out for them. As regards novels and other publications in book form, the same remark applies. Not all novels are obscene or improper, and although Messrs. Smith's ledgers no doubt show that the doubtful works of fiction sell more readily than any other sort, it is obvious that if the doubtful books were unobtainable persons who require something to read in the train would spend their money in more elevating directions, and the probable loss to Messrs. Smith is not worth weighing against the huge benefit to the community at large. Now with regard to the second objection, we are open here and now to put our creed in these matters plainly before Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son. The great test in all matters of dubiety is the personal test. If in the public interest Messrs. W. H. Smith accept our offer, we shall no doubt have occasion to advise the rejection of certain novels. In advising that rejection, we undertake to support our advice with quotations from the book concerned, and the ultimate decision shall rest with Messrs. Smith. So long as any of the partners mentioned in the summons which has brought Messrs. Smith to such grief is prepared to assure us that he has read our report and that he has perused the passages of which we complain, and that he is prepared to read those passages aloud to his own wife or daughters in our presence, and that consequently the firm of W. H. Smith propose to continue the sale of the book condemned, we will rest content. If, on the other hand, none of the partners is willing to adventure upon this test, the book should be withdrawn from sale. Nothing could be fairer, nothing could be simpler, and if Messrs. Smith do not accept our offer, or devise some other means for arriving themselves at a judgment of the nature of the publications they sell, their plea of ignorance should not be allowed to suffice them in the least at the next prosecution. And we say without hesitation that at the next prosecution it will be the duty of the magistrate to commit Alfred Dyke Acland, Charles Harry St. John Hornby, Charles Awdry, and William Frederick Danvers Smith for trial, and thus give them an opportunity of convincing a jury that the mere distributor is without serious responsibility. We are sending copies of the present issue of *THE ACADEMY* to each of the aforesaid partners in the firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, and, as Mr. Peary might say, we consequently have them nailed.

ON RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

It is just as well that most evils should sooner or later produce their own remedy. This is a particularly pleasing reflection when one applies it to matters of a literary nature. Heaven knows that the literary evils of the past quarter of a century have been black, deep-seated and crying evils, and that the remedying of them has seemed impossible. It is therefore the more gratifying that we should appear to be in sight of the removal of some of the worst of them, and that virtually they are removing themselves. During the past fortnight, or it may be three weeks, the idiot hapenny press has found itself able to announce the retirement from business of two lady novelists. The first of these might strike the eye as a peculiarly shrewd woman of affairs, inasmuch as her announcements regarding her approaching withdrawal from the literary field synchronised with the publication by

one of our newest publishers of a brand new six shilling novel from the retiring lady's pen. We do not wish to suggest that the lady in question got up the retiring idea for the wicked and unholy purpose of booming her book. At the same time, it is perfectly patent that the paragraphs bestowed upon her by the gaping *Daily Mail* and the grinning *Evening News* may conceivably have resulted in the sale of a few more copies of the lady's six shilling novel than would have been sold if those paragraphs had not appeared. It is very certain, too, that the unwonted currency given to the name of our fair friend in consequence of her retirement has called the attention of the public once again to her sundry former works, which are probably now having a new lease of life at the libraries, and an increased sale at the bookshops, so that on the whole the deal will be reasonably profitable, and the lady leaves her beautiful profession in a shower of bank-notes. The obvious opportunities laid bare by the situation have naturally been noted by other writers, and we are now face to face with retirement No. 2, which is also the act and deed of a woman. Retirer No. 2, however, is a person of a very different calibre to Retirer No. 1. For, whereas the complaint of No. 1 was that the market lacked firmness, No. 2 has nothing to say about markets, excepting that she raked in ten thousand pounds over her "three art books," and that her latest novels have sold to the tune of nearly fifty thousand copies. Markets, consequently, do not disturb the sleep of fair secessionist No. 2. Her trouble is of an altogether more distinguished and ethereal nature. "For twenty years," she cries, "I have written in the hope of appealing to literary England, but I find I have not done so. My books have not had a single review in the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, *THE ACADEMY*, or the other journals which claim to criticise the country's literature." This is gall and wormwood to our author, and she is determined not to have any more of it. For our own part, though we are among the sinners who have failed to notice her books, we applaud the lady's resolution, and we wish her a lucky and comfortable time with the ten thousand pounds she has secured out of her "three art books." It is needless to say that this lady's howls of complaint do not appear in any high literary journal. They have not been communicated to the *Athenaeum*, or to ourselves, or to the *Saturday Review*, or even to the *Outlook*. One would have thought that a person whose desire it was to appeal to literary England and whose whole aspiration is for fame and the mopuses well lost might have sent round a copy of her last dying speech, as it were, to at any rate one of us. But the good lady prefers the *Evening News*, and though she may not know it, the fact that she prefers the *Evening News*, and catches it to her heart at the supreme moment of her life, indicates very plainly the reasons for the failure of her twenty years' appeal to literary England. A person who has been writing twenty years without discovering that it is not dignified for people of letters to be airing themselves in such journals as the *Evening News* must be possessed of extraordinary views about literature, and in our view is entirely deserving of the failure to which she confesses. The absolutely unliterary condition of our fair novelist's mind is further illustrated when she says, "If an author is careful to make friends in Fleet Street, entertains the critics largely, and has an insinuating manner, he or she can depend upon finding notices in the papers, no matter what 'tosh' they produce." The foul grammar here, not to mention the alluring word "tosh," may belong to the *Evening News*, so that we will not complain of them. But the sentiments must be credited to our lady novelist. Everybody is aware that Fleet Street is an abominable street, and if our fair lover of fame means Fleet Street when she says Fleet Street we will not quarrel with her, excepting in so far as to assert that there are no critics in Fleet Street, and that it would be next door to impossible to entertain the people who write the Fleet Street book "reviews," inasmuch as their idea of entertainment runs rather to "a wet night at the Press Club" than to the discussion of exalted literature over the

dinner tables of delicate lady novelists. And if by any chance the lady should happen to mean by Fleet Street the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, and THE ACADEMY, we can only weep for her absolute ignorance of the position. We have none too high an opinion of either the *Spectator* or the *Saturday Review*, but we are acquainted with the names and positions of people who review for these journals, and we can assure the world at large that the suggestion that they have to be bribed with entertainment to write favourable notices of this, that, or the other author is a ridiculous departure from the truth. In point of fact, the situation of a person who is known to review for any literary journal of standing is a situation of calm and elevated independence, and it is not to be disturbed either by invitations to dinner or free week-ends up the river. We do not deny that there are authors in the world who imagine that the way to fame is through the belly of the critics. Any man who has been caught reviewing need never pay for his own dinner while there is an author breathing the breath of life, but we live in a wicked world, and though the dinners are often proffered and sometimes accepted, the review for which the author pants is seldom forthcoming. In point of fact, a dinner is far more likely to harden your reviewer's heart than to soften it. Nobody but a writer in the *Evening News* would suggest the contrary. However, this is a very small affair, and perhaps not worth discussing. The big fact for all persons who love literature is that the women novelists, at any rate, are beginning to discover that popularity and large sales do not spell serenity and peace of heart, and two of them have wisely determined to withdraw themselves from a concern which they do not feel to be their own. We trust that their example will be wisely followed. There are not ten persons writing in London to-day who have ever seen so much as the hem of the garments of the honest Muses. Dabblers, pretenders, aspirants, and gluttons for praise and pudding abound. But the people who look upon literature as a sacred matter, and upon the profession of letters as a profession removed alike from considerations of money and considerations of fame and considerations of notices in the *Spectator*, and if it comes to that, even from considerations of notices in THE ACADEMY, are few in number and practically unknown among the publishing houses. The late boom in authorship is entirely on all fours with the late boom in music-hall stars. One can point to forty or fifty performers at the music-halls whose incomes run up to four or five thousand a year, yet not one of them can be considered a person of more than reasonable and ordinary intellectual parts, while several of them are arrant asses, both on and off the stage. It is even so with your popular authors, the bulk of whom degrade the name of Literature just as your buffooning hundred-pound-a-week variety artist degrades the name of Humour, not to say comedy. The retiring principle likes us well. We could compile a list of persons who are mentioned with respect even by the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*, and who have made thousands of pounds out of "letters," who would retire in the morning if they possessed a single spark of respect for the profession into which they have stolen, or a spark of respect for their own consciences. It is a fine and a noble thing to be a poet, and it is a fine and a noble thing to write down fine and noble things in prose. So that the product of the Board schools and the hapenny papers is perhaps to be excused when he is seized with an ambition to write, but when he has learnt to pooh-pooh fine writing because it does not go down with the Harmsworths, and is treated with contempt by the publishing houses, and when he has learnt to produce the merely marketable, and to call lengthy notices in hapenny papers fame, he is damned and done for, and the sooner he lines his pocket and gets his money invested in tea shops and retires to the country to play croquet and breed canaries, and go fatly and easefully to the grave which yawns for him, the sooner will he have done his duty by his fellow men. Retire from business, Messieurs, with all convenience and despatch, and heaven may bless you after all.

REVIEWS

THE
TREACHERY OF TRANSLATIONS

Poems by Paul Verlaine. Selected and translated, with an introduction, by ASHMORE WINGATE.

The Poems of Charles Baudelaire. Selected and translated, with an introductory study, by F. P. STURM. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s.)

It cannot be claimed that the present translations will give a reasonable inducement for an English lover of poetry, unacquainted with the originals, to take up these two poets of France, Baudelaire and Verlaine. The treachery of translations is a proverb; but our translations, not content with betraying, have murdered their originals. It is true that they have attempted the impossible. Russian scholars tell us that it is just possible to render Tolstoi into another language, but the subtle charm and beauty of Tourgenieff's style cannot be conveyed; and of all French poets—with the possible exception of Racine—Verlaine loses most by translation, while Baudelaire's concentrated energy, his deliberate use of the grotesque, make the translation of his work peculiarly difficult.

To take the worse of the versions first—the poems of Verlaine, translated by Mr. Ashmore Wingate: the translations are prefaced by an introductory study, in which the "moral lapses" of the man "who never ceased to be a child, and who never really encountered experience" are insisted on with nods and winks, and with evident relish. The tale of Verlaine's superfine organisation, his exaltations and weaknesses, his intemperance and idleness, his hospitals and his scandals, are told in a style which would not pass muster in the *feuilleton* of the ha'penny Press. The false picturesque is everywhere prominent. Instead of saying that Verlaine drank absinthe, or became an *absintheur*, we get: "The universe preyed upon his nerves, till latterly he sought relief in unfortunate measures . . . while still a boy he had known the taste of absinthe, and now the great perforated spoon, with its slab of beetroot sugar through which one pours the yellow-green liqueur, was often in his hand." Now, what possible addition to our knowledge of Verlaine is this description of the colour of absinthe, and the absinthe spoon? Again (in reference to another of Verlaine's "unfortunate measures") we are told that "he cast his eyes on a certain Mlle. Eugénie Krantz, and became intoxicated with her charms"—which reminds one of the butler in that fantasia, "The Admirable Crichton," who never condescended to walk out, but only to "cast his eye" upon a suitable object.

The critical appreciation of Verlaine's art is on the same low level. The want which prevents Verlaine from being "anything more than the least of major poets is, firstly, the want of a *grand theme*. Homer sang of Troy besieged, Tasso of the freedom of Jerusalem, Tennyson of King Arthur and his age; hence comes much of their greatness. But Verlaine had no such resounding epic to fill the ears of the world." To base Tennyson's greatness upon the doubtful foundation of his *Idylls* is absurd; and even more absurd is it to quarrel with a lyric poet because he has not written an epic on a *grand theme*. What will become of Catullus and Heine, who have no *grand theme*?

Verlaine was essentially a personal, a lyrical poet, the poet simply of an order of personal emotions, and his charm lies for us in the freedom and unaffectedness, the audible, touching tremor of voice, with which he expresses these emotions. It is absurd to complain that he gave us no Iliad, no epic of the freedom of Jerusalem. His very fresh and delicate work, his poetry of half-lights and subtle shadows, is very rudely handled by Mr. Wingate, who has the conscience to admit, in his introduction, that "almost more than any poet Verlaine loses by translation, because he depends to such an extent on what the French language can do for him." And what a loss! The volatile spirit of poetry evaporates. It is impossible to translate the lyrics beginning:—

Avant que tu t'en ailles,
Pâle étoile du matin
—Mille cailles
Chantent, chantent dans le thym,

les sanglots longs
Des violons
de l'automne.

They are so writ in music.

The appeal is beyond the meaning of the word, "to the subtle music of the spoken word. The magic works not through ideas and imagery alone, but through the sharps and flats, the resonances and intervals of the human voice." In no other poet, probably, is the alliance between sound and sense so close.

Verlaine, in Mr. Wingate's hands, is a pastel retouched by an ignorant hand, a bunch of wild flowers pressed in a herbarium, where they have lost their fragrance and their delicate outline is obliterated and coarsened. His little sketch of Charleroi becomes an astonishing thing, a mere grotesque:—

The cornfields whistle.
What now seems nigh?
A shrub doth catch
The passing eye.

No mansion's here,
But crevices.
Horizon's red
With furnaces.

The stations blare.
What's that one saw?
The eyes do start.
Where's Charleroi?

Sinister scents!
What is this now?
What rattled there
As sistra do?

In the black grass
The Kobolds go;
While one would deem
The wind wept low.

Even more impossible is "A Poor Young Shepherd":—

I'm afraid of a kiss
As I am of a bee.
I age sufferingly,
In unquietness, I wis,
I'm afraid of a kiss!

She's been promised indeed,
Very fortunately!
But what courage you need,
As a lover like me,
Near one promised indeed!

It will be noticed that I wis, e'en, mid, 'neath, and such words are very frequently used to fill up the stumbling lines; indeed, Mr. Wingate presses them into his service as often as Mrs. Browning that useful word "certes." It would be quite safe to set aside all poems in which the words 'neath and I wis occur as only fit for limbo, or the waste-paper basket.

Besides failing to convey the finer spirit of poetry, the translations fail to convey the plain sense of the French. They are full of ridiculous mistranslations, calling rather for the strictures of a lower-form schoolmaster than a critic. For instance, the sense of one line of Verlaine's (in "Cythère") is that drinks will prevent the lovers from feeling "courbature," i.e., exhaustion, or lassitude. This line is translated:—

Sherbets then and foods divine
Are there to save the body's soft curv'd line!
which is pure nonsense!

As an instance of Mr. Wingate's insensibility to the associations of words, only one example need be given. It needs no comment:—

She stands on Calvary
With many tears, but cries not one;
She is a Mother like the rest,
But what a dam of what a son!

Another instance of his infelicity is from one of Verlaine's sonnets in "Sagesse":—

Lord, 'tis too much! I dare not (he cries). What? Love
whom
What—I have strength to love thee? Sure there's room
For brains in Father, Spirit, Son?

These italicised phrases are a translation of Verlaine's "êtes-vous fous?" The translator appends a note which is so astonishing that it is worth quoting. "There is a note (of Verlaine's) referring one to St. Augustine. I have not verified the reference, but the words are apparently blasphemous. Nor can I imagine St. Augustine using such an expression. Possibly St. Augustine once had remarked that if any mere man were to ask another, who had spurned and abused him, to love him, as God invites the sinner, one would call him mad. The passage, at all events, is curious." It is rather Mr. Wingate's note that is curious!

After these extracts, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. Wingate's technical equipment as a writer of verse is not very complete. "Oh, qui dira les torts de la Reine?" cried Verlaine—though he had not then suffered at the hands of this translator!

One couplet will show his sublime disregard of its niceties:—

Roll, roll thy slow wave, melancholy Seine,
Beneath each bridge, round which dark waters twine.

There cannot be much latitude in the pronunciation of twine, even in Great Britain. What are we to conjecture is Mr. Wingate's pronunciation of the river on which Paris stands? One finishes Mr. Wingate's translations with a sense of relief. Unfortunate Verlaine, who "like a child was destitute of defence, and whose life was wounded cruelly and frequently." This is another blow, and the most unkindest cut of all!

Mr. Sturm's work shines by comparison with Mr. Wingate's, though it is far from reaching the highest levels of translation. Baudelaire has been somewhat unkindly described as belonging to a class, that of the laborious,

deliberate, economical writers, who fumble a long time in their pockets before they bring out their hand with a coin in the palm. One wishes the translator had fumbled a little longer, and had attempted to find some English equivalent for the French poet's exquisite felicity of epithet. Each of Baudelaire's most perfect poems have that unity of effect which is the secret of true artists, however *macabre, grotesque and jarring* certain of the details might be considered if injudiciously handled. This unity—the result partly of Baudelaire's extraordinary instinct for words, his feeling for the sonorous and beautiful in their sound, is quite lost in Mr. Sturm's translation. The grotesque becomes merely vulgar, the audacious, banal, his strength, weakness. What are we to think of the crudity of phrase in the concluding lines from "Les Petites Vieilles":—

O congenerate hearts,
Octogenarian Eves, o'er whom is stretched
God's awful claw, where will you be to-morrow?

Are they at all in keeping with Baudelaire's words, even Baudelaire not at his highest and best?

O cerveaux congénères!
Je vous fais chaque soir un solennel adieu!
Où serez-vous demain, Eves octogénaires,
Sur qui pèse la griffe effroyable de Dieu?

And again, this translation from the sombre sonnet "Le Couvercle":—

The hermit's hope, the terror of the sot,
The sky, the black lid of the mighty pot
Where the vast human generations boil.

The scansion of some of Mr. Sturm's lines seems more than suspicious. Two lines—

Upon that sick cruel face can raise no smile,
and
By pleasure, cruel tormentor, goaded on—
suggest that cruel is regarded as a monosyllable!

One word about the sonnet, a mould in which some of Baudelaire's finest work was cast. Mr. Sturm uses every possible arrangement of rhymes but the pure Italian type. He concludes a regular Italian sonnet with a rhymed couplet. He uses such imperfect rhyme-schemes as: ab ab cb cb; dd ee ff, or ab ab cd cd ee f gg f. It is no excuse to say that in the use of the couplet, and in the arrangement of his rhymes, he is following Baudelaire. It is quite true that Baudelaire has these defects, and a great many sonnets by French writers have them too, but that is no reason why they should be perpetuated in the English versions.

The same faults that are noticeable in the verse-translations are to be found in the translations from Baudelaire's "Little Poems in Prose," at the end of this book. These poems, in which some of Baudelaire's richest poetry is to be found, which he wrote "in his days of ambition" because he had dreamed of a miracle of poetical prose, musical without rhythm and without rhyme, are rendered in the English of Bohn's translations of the classics, rather than in the English of Poe or Pater, which should be their natural dress. "The splenetic cupola of heaven" means so little to an Englishman; and if the elementary rule that *adorable* and *aimable* are "not to be translated by themselves" had been adhered to, we would have been spared such phrases as "his dear execrable adorable wife, his inevitable and pitiless muse." But these are details. The whole translation misses the beauty of Baudelaire, and we

are left exclaiming with Ronsard that there "is as much difference between a poet and a versifier as between a hack pony and a high-bred Neapolitan charger, or, to make a better comparison, between a venerable prophet and a travelling quack."

The Sovereignty of Society. By HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD. (London: Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

Church and People. By W. J. SEXTON. (London: Skeffington's. 2s. net.)

THE nature of the wolf is in no wise altered because he happens to wear sheep's clothing. So the innate selfishness of man is by no means changed because he happens to live under a constitutional instead of a despotic form of government. For government, in every sense, whether constitutional or otherwise, is fundamentally concerned with the individual, so that its economic basis must ever be allied to selfishness.

If, for instance, the government of mankind could be constructed upon an impersonal instead of a personal basis, the social condition of man would be absolutely moral, in that it would be conformable to the laws of physical adjustment, *i.e.*, of economic unity. It is man's selfishness alone which makes a chaos of his moral consciousness, that is to say, of his natural or economic sense of proportion. Thus the social and economic features of Anglo-Saxon communities, dealt with by Mr. Stutfield, have no real or universal ground of sovereignty, as he appears to think, since they are merely artificial features. In other words, there is no such arbitrary source to Anglo-Saxon idiosyncracies as an Anglo-Saxon sense of individuality. If our caste instinct, for instance, could be held to be in any way different from any other nation's caste instinct (and, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Stutfield seems to consider that such a difference exists), there ought to be a national limit to the Anglo-Saxon consciousness. As it is, the Anglo-Saxon sense of universality is no different from any other nation's sense of universality, however much its religious, political, social, commercial, economic, or financial ideals may differ. Ideals, in fact, have no sensible limit, and it is because of this fact that our Anglo-Saxon idiosyncracies, systematically reviewed by Mr. Stutfield, appear to have no economic foundation or actual source of sovereignty. This not only applies to our own forms of social and political shortcomings, but to all national forms of freedom.

Anglo-Saxon or any other social ideals can never be said to possess an economic, and therefore a natural, ground of sovereignty, apart from a moral, *i.e.*, economic, sense of proportion. Such a restricting ground is not a self-form, because it possesses no ideal, to wit, free basis of action. In a true sense, therefore, our social chaos is as much American or Chinese as it is Anglo-Saxon. Social differences are not created by moral unities, that is to say, by different ideals of Church and State organisation, but by immoral interferences, that is to say, by individual dissent from those ideals. Church and State organisation, whether English, American, French, German, or otherwise, possesses no ground of social difference, apart from such immoral interference, *i.e.*, apart from the individual assumption of social difference. And this brings us to the actual sovereign value of social ideals.

For instance, the economic adjustment of our social shortcomings does not, as Mr. Stutfield indicates in his final chapter, rest upon any ideal discovery, but it rests rather upon a universal form of the old valuations, *i.e.*, upon the moral organisation of society. And it is at this point where a very important distinction should be made, namely, the distinction between the moral and intellectual organisation of society. For the former, as the original or economic source of the individual, must always be the ground of social sovereignty; whilst the latter, as the free or non-economic source, must ever remain the ground of social disunion.

There can be no social sovereignty where there is social disunion. Thus, the caste instinct, which Mr. Stutfield justly considers to be the mainspring of social disintegration, is not a morally developed feature, but an intellectually developed feature, of man's freedom. In this sense, the teaching of the Catholic or true Church of Christ must ever be dogmatic, not by virtue of any caste instinct, which is purely an intellectual (personal) form of dogma by which the different sects have been evolved, but by virtue of its physical rectitude, which is purely a moral (impersonal) form of dogma, i.e., a Christian ordination irrespective of any caste or separating dogma. This accounts for the political Socialism (craving for Disestablishment) of the Nonconformist body, rather than for the possession of any moral or Christian sense of Divinity on their part. We by no means attempt to deny the prevalence of caste instinct which exists in Catholic communities. But we do deny that such an evil is due to a Catholic sense of perversion, for wherever it exists it is always due to a personal form, i.e., to a corrupted sense of Catholicity. To sum up, the sovereign remedy for our social failings lies in the moralising spirit of the Church, that is, in the Catholic, and not in the Nonconformist, sense of Christianity. And this brings us to Mr. Sexton's volume, in which he attempts to answer the question: What has the Church of England done for the people of England?

Although, as we have just seen, it cannot, by a long way, be said to have succeeded in completely moralising the people, the Church of England, that is to say, the Established or National Church, has played no mean part in the making of the country. In the first place, as Mr. Sexton shows, it acted as a powerful civilising agent. In the second place, from an evangelical form it developed an institutional form. In the third place, it became the popular champion of liberty—the enemy of tyrants. In the fourth place, it created a sense of pure patriotism. And lastly, it was the means of national, as well as individual, elevation.

All these phases of the Mother Church are dealt with by Mr. Sexton, who has been very careful and choice in his manner of research. The book starts from the advent of the earliest Christian missionaries in Britain, and its easy style of narration makes it pleasant and interesting reading. One thing becomes apparent from the joint consideration of these two books. It is this: Our economic or insular salvation must depend more on the influences of a social morality than on the influences of any political kind of Socialism.

The Gospels and Modern Research. By the Rev. J. R. COHN. (Oxford: James Parker and Co. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 6s. net.)

"THEOLOGY," says Professor Harnack, in his "Thoughts on Protestantism," "has not always existed." He is correct as far as the theology of script (Theologia Sacra) is concerned, but hardly so if he means to include those other forms of Almighty guidance (Notitia, Assensus, and Fiducia), which are theologically intellectual, i.e., historically inspired or revealed and not historically written forms of faith. Historical inspiration is vastly different from historical script, in that the former is a personal form of canonical teaching, whilst the latter is an impersonal form. When, therefore, the Bible is subjected to a limited interpretation, i.e., taken as a revealing instead of as a canonical source of Divine instruction, the object of its theology, which is an impersonal transmittance of law, becomes subject to historic perversion. In other words, the universal becomes lost in the individual, so that man, himself, is the infinite source of history, and God merely the finite source. In accepting, for instance, the Mosaic Laws as an infallible (God Personal) form of Divine ordinance, you are, at the same time, surrendering Moses' historical significance, since you have robbed him of the consciousness by which the Divine orders were revealed to him. The Mosaic laws are only infallible in an uncanonical sense, i.e., from the sense of subjection to their

canonical objection. There could have been no Mosaic laws apart from this sense of subjection or fallibility, for there would have been no Moses—only God the infallible object.

Thus the interpretation of the Scriptures as God's own word instead of man's always leads to historical confusion. Our Christian Doctors of Divinity, in fact, may be said to have fallen into the same error as the Jewish doctors, since this artificial contradiction between the subject and object of moral consciousness was the cause of their rejection of Christ. They had to make, as it were, a choice between Christ and Moses, but with their interpretation of the Mosaic laws as the script (Theologia Sacra) of God rather than man, how could they possibly accept Christ's teaching seriously, i.e., as coming personally from the lips of God? The Mosaic laws, in their eyes, were derived personally from the lips of God. If they accepted Christ they had to surrender Moses. Consequently, by this sense of historical confusion God's reality was sacrificed to man's ideality.

A parallel of this sense of historic confusion is to be met with in our own times, with respect to the quibbling about the Gospels, and it is with this modern form of theological chaos that the Rev. J. R. Cohn deals in his latest work.

We, as Christians, are supposed to take the teaching of Christ seriously, i.e., as Divine teaching. Yet we accept Him in the same way as the Jews did. But with this difference. That whereas the Jews interpreted Him from a Mosaic ground of history, we interpret Him from an Apostolic ground of history. In this way the confusion and contradiction which raged round the Theologia Sacra of the Jews, rages round the Theologia Sacra of Christianity. The Jews were unable to see the Divine Personality of Christ, because they were blinded by the ideal God of Moses. We Christians (I don't include all) are unable to realise the Divine Personality of Christ, because we are blinded by the ideal Christ of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

The Jews said God was infallible only through Moses. Moses, in fact, was their God and not God Himself. We, ourselves, hold Christ to be infallible just in as narrow a sense, i.e., through the Apostles. Our Christianity, in fact, is centred in what the Evangelists say of Christ and not in what Christ said Himself. Mr. Cohn lays hold of this fact, and throughout his valuable and interesting work, shows the necessity for accepting the Gospels in the light of human tradition, being, as they were, subject to man's weaknesses as well as to his sense or knowledge of Christ's holiness. Christianity is not absolutely contained in scriptural synopsis, i.e., in what the Gospels say of Christ, but in what Christ Himself is still preaching in the spirit. This is the real, infinite, and liberal-minded Christ, by whom we can be saved. The apostles, like Moses, were but human, so that if we allow their humanity to come between us and Christ Himself, we are only doing what the Jews did before us, namely, rejecting the real for the ideal God.

The real Christ, as we know, had no historic origin. He was born of the spirit and not of the flesh, although He dwelt in the flesh. Why, therefore, should we accept Him simply in the light of the Gospels, i.e., as a mere historic or flesh personality, spoken of by the Evangelists, when we ought to accept Him in the light of a Spiritual Father, seeing that, unlike man himself, He had no human limit—no earthly parentage? Because the Jews, with this fact before them, failed to see how He could have preceded Moses, is no reason why we, His very followers, should fail to accept Him as our King and Saviour, because of quibbles about historic limits which have no actual existence. What is human Christianity through the scriptural writings of the Evangelists, becomes Divine Christianity through the spirit of Christ Himself.

The Gospels are not the ultimate words of God, because Christ still lives. "At no point in finite time," says Mr. Cohn in his preface, "can we say: 'This is the last word of God's Revelation.'"

SHORTER REVIEWS

Consciousness of God. By T. A. LACEY. (A. R. Mowbray and Co., Ltd., London and Oxford.)

THIS little work, in the English Churchman's Library Series, is explicit in its attempt to bridge the chasm which appears to divide the object of God's will, namely, revelation, from the subject of it, namely, man. Thus, if the subject of Divine Immanence is different from the object of it, how is it possible for God to reveal Himself to man? In other words, if man, as Mansel maintains, cannot know God, how is it possible for God's transcendency to be made immanent to man? Mansel's exploration after an anthropomorphic source or rational limit of the universe completely failed. There is, in fact, no ground for revelation apart from Maurice's direct basis of immanence, which Mansel ignores. The unity of God's Immanence, as Mr. Lacey points out, is contained in the universal ground of both postulates, i.e., in the *tenax vigor*, from which God's own sense of limit as well as man's knowledge of Him is derived. From this cosmic ground we are made to see that, whereas man's consciousness of evil is personal, in that it is purely subjective to the all-powerful source (*tenax vigor*) of consciousness, God's sense of pain possesses no anthropomorphic form, in that it is purely objective to the all-powerful source, namely, to Himself. Man, who is subject to evil, cannot therefore grasp the mightiness of God's objective sense. Which is to say that, whilst he is a subject and not an object of *tenax vigor*, he cannot know the glory which is to be found in God's objective or universal existence. Man, in fact, must not look to that form of consciousness of God which is subject to God's unity (*tenax vigor*), but rather he must look to that form which is the object of that unity, i.e., to God Himself. Mr. Lacey's book is a valuable contribution to theological thought, and it ought to be earnestly studied. It may be said to expose the real or God element of Christianity. For it was through the Divine and not the human consciousness of the *tenax vigor* that a Christian form of worship was substituted in the place of the old idolatrous or anthropomorphic forms of worship, which placed the Creator on a level with the creature. Rob Christianity of this Divine element—its transcending immanence or God Fatherhood—and you at once introduce charlatanism into religion (religious sects), by creating anthropomorphic differences, i.e., personal differences in respect to one person's God and another person's God.

The Work and Influence of the Holy Spirit. By the Rev. the Honourable CECIL J. LITTLETON. (A. R. Mowbray and Co., Ltd., London and Oxford.)

It is the grace of the Holy Spirit that we need, yet this seems to be the weakest element of the Protestant Church. Thus the very foundations of Christianity have been well nigh uprooted by vain and irreverent controversy in respect to the Real Presence (that of God's Holy Spirit) in the Communion between Himself and man.

What does religion amount to without it? A mere matter of forensic or Mosaic morality. The Jews regularly attended their tabernacles, the same as we do our churches. Where, therefore, does the difference between Christ and Moses originate? In this. That the Christian mission was to bring the saving grace of God's Spirit into the forms of man's worship, without which there can be no true Church of God. *Ubi Spiritus, ibi ecclesia.*

Thus it is not sufficient to be a mere worshipper in God's house. It is necessary to be a member of it as well. Hence the Christian need for the holy rites of Baptism and Confirmation.

Candidates for Confirmation should find a treasure in Mr. Littleton's book, issued in the English Churchman's Library Series; for, besides being profound in its teaching, it possesses simplicity of expression.

THE HILL-TOP

CHRISTOPHER NORTH was one of the first to scout the idea that the highest and most inaccessible mountains are the best to look upon; the most pleasurable mountains, he maintained, were our higher moorland fells. A cliff, as he has whimsically pointed out, should be high enough to ensure a tourist being dashed to pieces by falling over it, but not high enough to prevent a spectator from watching the fall from start to finish. The attraction of a hill or mountain consists not so much in the number of its feet above the sea's level as in the extent of sea or land to be seen from its head; not in "heights" but in "places of wide prospect." It was a saying of Lord Herbert of Cherbury that a man mounted on a good horse is "lifted above himself." This feeling is to be experienced in as great a degree upon a chalk down as up an Alp, upon a low eminence in the midst of a wide green sea of marshland, "with the great domed line of the sky, and the sun shining down in one flood of peaceful light upon the long distance," as upon the climaxes of the giants among the Himalayas; upon those heights surrounded by other heights, where you cannot see the prospect for the mountains, as you cannot see the wood for the trees.

From one hill, that misses the honour of being called a mountain by the accident of a few feet, the prospect is wide and unimpeded. Upon three sides it looks down upon the melting lowlands, upon the south a run of sea. During the ascent itself, ever changing as you mount, hills rise or fall away, furling or unfurling with every step—the whole widespread map heaving and changing at a footfall; how unlike the modest alterations of scene as you move upon the plain. Valleys and ravines open and close; villages emerge, or are swallowed up; ridge beyond ridge change their shapes like the forms of flowing waves; even the heavens are lifted up above the increasing intricacy of spur and ravine and the small divided fields below.

At last, upon the flat platform upon the hill-top, the prospect settles and is still. Upon this almost level space are sprinkled shining flints and large boulders, patched with saffron and nacre-coloured lichen, and cloths of purple heath and pale amethyst tinge. The gold shines upon the rough wave-like masses of the autumnal furze, like a froth splashed up from a sea vexed by sharp gusts and contrary currents. And in more sober masses, the greenish yellow spires of wood-sage, the yellow stars of tormentilla, the mauve mats of scabious and close thyme, colour the grey hill moss and springy grass. There is no sign of death but the charred patches fired during the earlier part of the year, and even these barren places potentilla strives to encroach upon and cover with its constellated flowers. From one side of the hill, from a hollow of coarse grass and blue-green rushes, the unheard spring soaks downward to feed the valley streams and creeping brooks hidden in thickets of willow herb and reed mace. Above the hill-pass the swallows toss themselves madly into the air, the sun flashing upon their white bellies, and a kestrel hovering over a valley screams, and, with a sudden rush cuts the clear air, then sails slowly westward until absorbed in the river of far light. But except for the kestrel's cry, and the wild music of the wind, there is little sound upon this hill-solitude, for the broken concert of the plains, the voice of the sheep-dog, the bleating of the sheep that lie like pearls scattered upon the green slopes and ribbed sheep walks, the crowing of cocks contending together in defiant crescendos from the farms, have all fallen away from this large silence.

A grey-blue arc of vaporous sea in a gap to the south melts into the blue of the lower chambers of the sky, where small nacre-coloured clouds, shining like bubbles in the fulness of light, surround a colossal mounded Alp of cloud, huge and firm in outline as a rock, and almost as motionless. All round the roof of the hill the clouds stream, very slowly upon the lower sky, and very swiftly overhead, in the mid-stream of the mighty sea, as the wind hurries them along, some impenetrable, shadowed and

solid, others thin-woven like fine tissue or delicate thistle-down. Far below, from all quarters of the hill platform, shines the pale-coloured map of the county—a dim world of blue-filmed and round-headed trees and hedgerows and faint tree-capped knolls, sheep downs with shining levels and pencilled slopes; dark river-fed meadows, lighted up with misty sun-spots; woodlands less than a hand's-breadth; rivers shrunken to a silver thread; wide fields of corn like tiny buff-coloured squares and lozenges scattered among the white homesteads and sparkling roofs, "all measured, mingled, varied, gliding easily one thing into another—little rivers, little plains, swelling speedily changing uplands, all beset with handsome, orderly trees and little beds, netted over with the walls of sheep-walks."

Here it is almost as if that millennium were arrived when we shall "throw our clocks and watches over the house-tops and remember time and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a life-time is to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how long is a summer's day that you measure only by hunger and bring to an end only when you are drowsy." To this height the sound of the clock from the church tower never rises; the equable motion of the floating sun is not divided into hours and minutes. What measures and marks out the day are the changes of wind, the alternations of sun and shadow, as the clouds pass before the sun, as smoke passes before and veils for a season the glory of a great fire.

The day is only ended when the light is obscured, when the silent vision vanishes as a scene that is changed at a theatre. Into the north appears a faint long cloud, in shape like some solitary monster of old time swimming the deluge. It draws nearer, gradually thickening and swelling upward, an immense mass of blue, level-edged like a thunder-cloud and with shadow streaks of rain streaming below it, like the long and floating fringes of a scarf. It sweeps over the shining sky, obliterating, as if by magic, the white walls of the far cottages, the pale squares of the cornfields, the silver of the streams, enveloping the scrawled and ashen stones and boulders on the lower slopes, the green high knolls that show for a short season like islands above a forgotten sea. The church towers flash like signals before they are swallowed up in the invading shadow; the villages are dimmed and covered up; only at the extreme south, by the sea, the sunlight, like a diver darting upon a jewel in the deeps, seizes upon a topaz-coloured cornfield. The visible earth is gradually covered with a vast vague grey that falls upon it like ashes from a fine sieve, or as those that must have dropped upon Pompeii, hiding the light of the sun. The earth is not simply veiled, it had passed away like the phantom of a shadow, and fallen completely into the void. The cold vapour has left no distinction of sky and sea; there is nothing but a great vacancy and greyness beyond the hill platform, still tawny with its rough waves of autumnal furze, and the dark heath at the edge of the slope seems to skirt the shores of creation and nothingness.

M. J.

THE COUNTRY WOMEN

THERE is a woman who lives on the top of our little hill, and as we come and go and look up at the road showing its edge against the sky, she is often there too, waving the pigs back into her cottage, and her loud, cackling voice floats down to fill our ears oftener than any other sound in this quiet country. It is most familiar to see her thus against the tall horizon, always with her arms up in a gesture that may threaten the pigs in particular, but which seems to have something to say to the whole countryside. And neither does the rampaging voice confine itself. But mount the hill, and the little wrinkled woman will be kind to you. She keeps a muddle of a shop, which is a useful supplement to the better furnished shops farther away, and thus visits to her are often a matter of necessity. There is no need, as you soon discover, to approach her with awe, for though that far-

reaching voice will not for your mere proximity confine itself, nor the arm pause in its rollicking action, her eye holds the permanent glint of a smile, and she would not for the world neglect to make into a brown paper parcel, for your greater convenience, the sixpennyworth of stamps you buy. She will tell you when you ask for eggs that she could give you more (albeit you ask no more) were it not that her son, a man of "independent means," came for a visit and took in his luxurious off-hand way, she would have you gather, some dozens of the eggs back with him. This is puzzling when the same account is given day after day, for the eggs are of a marvellous freshness, but less puzzling when it is learnt from the neighbours that this visit is of a date long past, and evidently the little story is only a peg on which to hang all the wonder of those "independent means." There is, in all probability, a husband to be seen at the little house on the hill—or else why should one have a dim remembrance of white whiskers!—but that is a very faint impression. He is an effaced creature, easier, no doubt, to drive than the prettiest-mannered of the pigs.

And if one had not such an overwhelming host of interesting and beautiful things to observe and love, one could easily spend one's time in knowing these women who are scattered about the villages. They may not all have a voice and an arm, but they all have the kindness, the garrulity, the deep country wrinkles, and they are mostly spare and strong. There are no slatterns here, or, say, but one slattern to every village, and she who chooses to co-habit with her family of pigs must be named the slattern of ours. They are early-risers and hard-workers; each one might echo the words of the woman who comes to us every day, and in a short hour or two makes nothing but a miracle of morning orderliness around her. She is complimented on her quick methods, and says, "Well, yes, miss; I always say I don't eat much hidle bread." She says it with a little laugh of modest appreciation of her own saying, which has to her ears a happy axiomatic sound, and it is with her the frequent little boast that even so modest a woman may allow herself.

This is the county that many must hold first for loveliness—the county of high hills and wide, flat valleys, made rich by the richness of the abounding elm, the county into which many a dyked road has wandered from neighbouring acres, and brought the little rounded willow trees that grow aslant on either side the dyke and touch their lovely heads over the stream. The road bordered thus on either side must be preferred ultimately to the hedge-bordered road, and the wonderful view of flat green plain that surprises one from any of these hills might well spoil one for the meaner views of other counties. This county seems to have taken, indeed, from those that surround it, all that has pleased it most (you have only to walk a mile or so up the road to think yourself on a Devonshire moorland); but of all these plagiarisms we are proudest of the little willow trees.

The hills seem to grow under your feet, for you are suddenly confronted with the wonder of the view without any remembrance of a climb, and high on one of these we met one of the dear women. We were all out on the same errand, but whereas the fruits of our day's work lay in one moderate-sized basket, she was overlaid with three big loads of blackberries. There is evidently art in picking. Her very ancient sun-bonnet had probably belonged to her mother, who would be a woman of much smaller build, and she carried, besides her three baskets, a jar of brown honey, through which she partly earns her living. For she had, in a few moments' conversation, outlined her history, as anyone will whom you may meet with on the road, if you care to listen. We promised to come one day and buy some honey, and asked her name. "Pepper," she said, with a suddenness that almost made one sneeze, "and the only one on the hill." And when at parting we wished the name confirmed in case our thoughts had flown too readily to domestic things, she said again, "Pepper—you know," with a little look that acknowledged the double meaning, and so we knew.

It does not do to set out to spend a day far afield with the idea of being fed at the village inns. The villages follow quickly one upon another, and it is a delight to walk among them and discover the beauties of the church that even the smallest of them possesses. Always a church, with an important tower, but not always an inn; and where there is an inn, the only coldness that you are likely to meet with in the day you will probably meet with there, if you ask for food. The woman at the inn would enter with great spirit into a friendly conversation with you, but when it comes to cooking you an egg she is distant and resentful; for these are solitary roads of little traffic; the motor-car has not penetrated, and we travelled far before we met with some reluctant bread and cheese.

Of another of these women (and you walk with a lighter heart for every one that you meet) we asked for help in the choice of our homeward road. She showed us one way that would lead us straight back, and another that would give us, for a few extra miles of walking, a view that she was proud of; and she had set her heart on our taking this latter one. She put aside any objections we might have had in our minds to make—for we had walked long and far—by assuring us that we had “amples of time”; nor could we have deceived her if we would, for she watched us a mile along the road.

And in our county we have no use for spires. The churches are so numerous that from almost any spot you have only to raise your eyes to see five or six of the almost uniform church towers. They are of one date, one form, one beauty, and strangely unmonotonous. One of these stands in lovely unpretentiousness in a bare grazing-field—no approach, no railings, no gate but the wooden gate of the field, and as we passed, some farm-horses were making uneclesiastical use of the rough walls against their heads.

V. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

SHALL AND WILL IN INDIRECT STATEMENT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—A staunch friend of THE ACADEMY, in a letter to me, says that, although my last contribution was “most interesting,” as a whole, yet he regrets that he cannot commend so highly the rules I set down in connection with *shall* and *will* in the indirect statement. As some of your readers might be of the same opinion, would you kindly allow me to give some additional explanations on that most important subject.

In saying:—“The doctor states that he (himself) *shall* die,” I meant, “The doctor states this: ‘I *shall* die.’” and in “The doctor states that he (the patient) *will* die,” I meant, “The doctor states this: ‘The patient *will* die.’” And I used in both cases the auxiliaries which the doctor himself would have employed in *direct* statement. Here a *simple future* is expressed, as the will of the doctor and that of his patient have no influence whatever over the cases under consideration. It would have been just the same if the doctor had referred to other things over which neither he nor his patient could have had any control. On the other hand, if the doctor had spoken of things *under his control*, it would have been necessary for him to use the *emphatic future*, which expresses *will, command, promise, etc.*, instead of the *simple future*.*

*SIMPLE FUTURE.

I shall go	J'irai
Thou wilt go	Tu iras
He will go	Il ira
We shall go	Nous irons
You will go	Vous irez
They will go	Ils iront

Future which expresses *will, command, promise*.

I will go—Je veux aller, je te promets d'aller (or je vous promets d'aller, etc.), je t'assure, je te garantis que j'irai.

Thou shalt go—Je veux que tu ailles, il faut que tu ailles; je te garantis, je te promets, je t'assure que tu iras.

He shall go—Je veux qu'il aille, il faut qu'il aille; je te promets, je te garantis, je t'assure qu'il ira.

We will go—Nous voulons aller, nous vous promettons d'aller; nous vous garantissons, nous vous assurons que nous irons.

Example.

“The doctor says that he (himself) *will* sit by the side of the patient,” means “The doctor says this: ‘I *will* sit by the side of the patient’” (je veux m'asseoir au chevet du malade, je promets de m'asseoir au chevet du malade). “The doctor says that he (the patient) *shall* be sent immediately to Brighton,” means:—“The doctor says this: ‘The patient *shall* be sent immediately to Brighton’” (le médecin dit qu'il faut que le malade soit envoyé immédiatement à Brighton. Le médecin promet d'envoyer, s'engage à envoyer, immédiatement le malade à Brighton).

The following two examples, from “Macaulay's Life and Letters,” will help me much, I am certain, to explain the matter more clearly:—

(a)—Lord Lansdowne said he (himself) *should* be glad to know Tom's wishes in order that he might be more able to serve him in them (page 138, 4th line).

Or, in other words:—Lord Lansdowne said this to Tom:—“I *should* be glad to know your wishes, etc.”

Lord Lansdowne a dit qu'il serait content de connaître les désirs de Tom, afin d'être plus à même de s'y rendre.

Ou, en d'autres mots:—Lord Lansdowne dit ceci à Tom:—“J'aurais content de connaître vos désirs, etc.”

Macaulay's desire was a thing over which Lord Lansdowne could have no control. If the latter had spoken in the *future tense*, he would have been obliged to say: “I *shall* be glad, etc.”—simply because “I *will* be glad” and I *would* be glad” are not English.

(b) Second example: In speaking of Lady Lansdowne (p. 111, 27th line), Macaulay expresses himself thus: “She said that she (herself) *would* never suffer any dandy novelist to rob her of her beer or her cheese,” or, in the *direct* statement:—

I said that I *would* never suffer any dandy novelist to rob me of my beer or my cheese.

J'ai dit que je ne voulais pas, que je ne voudrais pas permettre à un dandy de romancier de me voler ma bière ou mon fromage.

Lady Lansdowne's words, reported in the *future tense*, would have been, in the *direct* statement:—“I *will* never suffer any dandy novelist, etc.” which is the *emphatic* and not the *simple future*, the *emphatic future* being the only one that is generally used when “we wish to express our determination to control the action of others.”

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As regards your correspondent's pleasing essay on the use of *shall* and *will* (August 28, pp. 470-3), it may be worth while to note that the word “plain” in the quotation from Lamb's “Popular Fallacies,” translated “franc,” has reference to lack of physical beauty and not to clearness of verbal statement. It may also be safely maintained that such a sentence as “I do not see *why* he *shall* go away now?” is incorrect both in the use of *shall* for *should* and in the employment of a note of interrogation at its close. *Why* here is for certain not employed interrogatively.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

TENNYSON AND “HIS WHITEWASHERS.”

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. David Clark, in his interesting letter in your last issue, says I refuted myself in my protest against carping criticism of Tennyson; thus suggesting that his logical insight is as dim as his poetic. This he emphasises in the illogical inference he draws from my statement that Tennyson mirrored most fully the *fullest* century of all time. Surely the true inference from this is that he was the fullest, or greatest poet of that century? Instead of this, Mr. Clark says it only proves that he “sang for, sang of, and greatly pleased a certain age.” As, on his own showing, this was the most critical of all ages, this fact has profound significance. If a poet is not to sing of and for his own time, for whom and of what should he sing? Surely a poet ought to embody the best spirit of his time? Every age is a link in an endless chain, and the more truly the artist presents his epoch the more certain he is of his niche in Time's Pantheon.

Mr. Clark heads his letter “Tennyson and his Whitewashers.”

You shall go—Je veux que vous alliez, il faut que vous alliez; je vous promets, je vous garantis, je vous assure que vous irez.

They shall go—Je veux qu'ils aillent, il faut qu'ils aillent; je leur promets, je leur garantis, je leur assure, qu'ils iront.

Remarks.—Here again *should* and *would* tally with *shall* and *will* when they are employed in *parallel* circumstances.

To whitewash that poet is like whitewashing an Apollo of purest Carrara marble; Tennyson was the "whitest" of men, and nothing can sully his matchless purity. As for the mud cast at him by the gamins of criticism, that may safely be left to heaven's purifying tears!

Mr. Clark speaks of me as a "critic." I write essentially as an artist, of a philosophic bent, although the Fates often force me to be a critic of critics. Mr. Clark says it is futile to hope that a jury of Tennyson's peers will place him near Shakespeare, Milton, or Shelley. Tennyson will be absolutely safe in the hands of a jury of his peers—if such can be found. My protest is against people who are not his peers usurping the functions of such a jury. My critic says, "*the quintessence of poetry cannot be missed.*" His letter is evidence to the contrary; such quintessence is nearly always missed when it does not fit the reader's idiosyncrasies. This is where the mind of cosmic sweep is needed.

Mr. Clark asserts that any tyro can "place" Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson. Does he forget that the Germans claim to have "discovered" Shakespeare some two centuries after he lived? It took a myriad-minded Goethe to adequately estimate the myriad-minded Shakespeare. When a like time has elapsed, and Tennyson has been summed up by men of Goethe's calibre, then the tyro may be able to "place" him; till then he had better refrain.

Applying Milton's test of "simple, sensuous, passionate," Mr. Clark thinks Tennyson must totter to his fall; I think he would stand that test better than Milton himself. No poet has such a wealth of obscure allusions which require wide scholarship to appreciate as Milton. This violates his own canon.

Tennyson's notebook is a sad trouble to my critic. Inspiration may come in two forms: it may come as did "Kubla Khan," with thought and word combined, like a Spiritualistic communication, or automatic writing; or the thought-nucleus of the poetic emotion may come in naked purity, leaving it to the verbal artist to embody it in word-music. To do this a poet may rightly engage in a Flaubertian search for the verbal twin-soul of the inspired thought. Which is the higher form? Our Editor's opinion would have great value on this question.

The most interesting point is that of the Mystic Glean—those flashes of insight into the deeper realities. They are involved in all inspiration. To some artists they come as a blind but impelling feeling; with others they reach the rank of emotion; and with the few they rise to flashes of higher sight—nascent activities of those sublime faculties latent in all, which are the mark of our Divine Sonship. That these mystic gleams are unfathomable is of their essence, and that our out-of-date psychologists have not formulated these wonders proves them laggards. The newer psychologists are very busy indeed with the "Subliminal" region, and when they gain courage they will formulate vital truths like those I announced in the July *Contemporary Review*. When that happy time comes we shall know more about genius and inspiration, and we shall have glimpses of the underlying unity of Religion, Philosophy, and Science, notwithstanding surface antagonisms. These will bring a grander Art, and Poetry as its highest expression will soar to thrones afar not dreamed of in our present philosophy. Then we shall be able to place our poets in a justly ordered hierarchy, and discern their high mission hinted in the words: "To Thee the Priesthood of the Lyre belong—They hear Religion and reply in song."

Meanwhile the right attitude towards the splendid work of our great Victorian poet is one of appreciation and abstinence from carping criticism, and the "placing" of Tennyson should be left to a future jury of his peers.

20, Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, W.

E. WAKE COOK.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I think that all who read Mr. Clark's letter (Sept. 4) will agree with me, that the title belies the nature of his letter, for, to use his own words—vice versa—it is more of a vindication than a refutation of Tennyson's greatness.

He quotes that a man to be a great poet must essentially be "simple, sensuous, and passionate." Mr. Clark admits Tennyson has the first-named, and partially the second of these qualities; but I maintain that Tennyson has wholly the second, and also the third.

Everyone, I think, will admit that any man who has the smallest pretensions to poetry must be sensuous, therefore it is apparent that Tennyson was sensuous.

Then passionate. Wherever Mr. Clark can get his reasons for saying that Tennyson is not passionate, I cannot tell. One has only to read the burning passion in his "Fatima" to be perfectly satisfied on that point.

Again, I say Tennyson has the foregoing three poetical necessities, and others their equal, if not greater. Read "Locksley Hall," "Dora," "The Idylls of the King," and you see—you almost feel—their wonderful superiority in depth of feeling, purity of sentiment, brilliancy of fancy, and perfect sweetness of versification, to any other poet of the time.

Will Mr. Clark deny a mind of almost "cosmic sweep" and "oceanic sympathies" to Macaulay? Yet he spoke of Tennyson's "Elaine" as "the finest, sweetest, purest love poem in the English language."

Who can equal Tennyson as a lyrical poet? Can Mr. Clark find in Shelley anything that will equal the Lyrics, "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and "Maud"? The following from "In Memoriam" is a good example:—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Who can read "In Memoriam" without almost feeling its depth of thought, and strength of pathos? The poem is one of the finest the age has produced.

Your correspondent then compares Tennyson with Shelley, then launches off into prodigious, hyperbolic eulogies of that gentleman, that would, could he but hear, surprise him—and hearing, he would veritably be filled with that "fire of Prometheus."

Before closing, I should like to ask: Whoever attempted to put Tennyson on an equal with Shakespeare? the myriad-minded, as Mr. Clark rightly designated him. Is it not absurd to compare him with such a man as he? Could he compare Shelley or even Milton with Shakespeare, to their advantage? I think not. Shakespeare stands alone, superior to all others, the greatest in all literature.

Stratford.

FREDERICK H. CHETLE.

THE TAFFY NONCONFORMIST.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—As a Wesleyan Methodist, I am inclined to think the suggestion of your correspondent, Mr. T. Dalrymple Duncan, that the intellectual inferiority of the Welsh Radicals is due to their nonconformity, is as reasonable as would be a suggestion that the inferiority of the Irish Home Rulers is due to their Roman Catholicism, the inferiority of the Scotch Socialists to their Presbyterianism, or that of the English paupercrats to their heathenism. A better explanation of the low mental development of the Welsh Radicals is, I think, to be found in their racial origin than in their religious belief. The Welsh of the Conservative, wealthy, aristocratic classes are generally of Aryan origin, just as are the Irish of the same classes, and as were the French of the same classes, but the Welsh of the lower, poorer, Radical class are, especially in South Wales, generally of non-Aryan blood.

Before the coming of the Celtic, Germanic, and other Aryan races, Europe was occupied by what seems to have been a branch of the great Mongolian family. It is supposed that the purest specimens that now exist of this breed are to be found in the Basque provinces of Spain. The Magyars, Tartars, Turks, and Finns, who are comparatively recent arrivals from Asia, are probably of the same stock. The Kelts, who are supposed to have been the first Aryans to reach Western Europe, after conquering the aborigines and forcing them to adopt their language, appear to have mingled their blood with them to such an extent that the two races became practically one. As a result, the lower class Welsh and Irish, who claim to be Kelts, and are generally regarded as such, possess the physical, mental, and moral characteristics of certain Mongolian races rather than of the Aryan, being short and dark rather than tall and fair, as the Kelts were described by the ancient Roman writers, with small, dark eyes, high cheek bones, low foreheads, and a disposition to be vain, untruthful, excitable, fanatical, treacherous, etc. In this, sir, I think, is to be found the reason of the Welsh Radical's intellectual inferiority. The Scotch Kelts seem to have been more successful in preserving the purity of their blood, and in consequence the Scotch Kelts have shown themselves superior in character and intellect to the sham Kelts of Wales and Ireland. Nevertheless, a considerable proportion of even the Scotch Kelts are not as pure Aryans as their Teutonic countrymen, the swarm of rascally labour "fakers" and Socialist leaders they produce being pretty good evidence of this.

After the Kelts came the Teutonic tribes, who in England exterminated a considerable number of the Kelticized aborigines, drove others from the country, and reduced most of the remainder to the condition of a servile element in the population. The thralls and villeins we read of as existing in England at a later period were probably descended from these conquered aborigines, and no doubt our whining, insolent Radical and Socialistic paupercrats are of the same alien and servile origin. In France, Spain, Italy, etc., there does not seem to have been any wholesale extermination of the aborigines, as their Teutonic conquerors permitted them to exist as slaves and serfs.

During the many centuries when a servile element in a population could hope to raise itself in the social scale only by exhibiting courage, character, and ability equal to that of the ruling element, the pre-Aryan aborigines in Britain and other countries were content to occupy the humble position for which Nature had fitted them. It is doubtful if they ever would have aspired to be other than what they were but for the folly and weakness of the ruling element in granting them the suffrage, and the liberty of speech and writing, which they have since shown themselves so unfitted to exercise. The aborigines then realised that the time had come when, in attaining to rulership, superior talent, courage, character, enterprise, energy, and industry were of less importance than a greater number of votes, and that the wealth which an intellectually superior, but numerically inferior, element has created might be appropriated by an intellectually inferior, but numerically superior, element. The result is the existence in every Aryan country of a Socialist party, recruited mainly from the aboriginal and non-Aryan elements of the population, and the preaching by the leaders of the aborigines of a war against the so-called capitalist class. It is a servile uprising, fought with ballots, instead of bullets. What is called the capitalist class is really the ruling Aryan element. The class war preached is actually a race war, and the appeals to class consciousness are really appeals to racial feeling. In the United Kingdom this hatred of the capitalists is stronger in the so-called Keltic fringe, because among the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh there is a greater infusion of non-Aryan blood.

Let anyone who doubts that the Socialist movement in this country is a racial one visit the House of Commons, and compare the Socialist, Labour, Irish Nationalist, Welsh, and extreme English and Scotch Radical Members with the Conservative and Conservative-Liberal Members. He will notice that the former are generally shorter and darker, that their eyes are beady, their foreheads lower, their lips thicker, and their cheek bones higher. Their non-Aryan origin is further suggested in their speeches, which are characterised by shallowness, ignorance, boastfulness, conceit, exaggeration, wordiness, unfairness, abuse, and an utter absence of patriotism.

On the Continent the servile uprising has been more successful than in this country, firstly, because the proportion of aborigines in the population in most countries is greater, secondly, because clerical celibacy, wars, revolution, etc., have eliminated the cream of the Aryan population, and, thirdly, because the movement is led and financed by another non-Aryan race. From the first the Jews seem to have realised that the Socialist movement could be utilised to further their interests, and so they have furnished it with the necessary brains and money. Hence the extreme anti-national and anti-religious complexion it has assumed in France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and every other country. The Socialist politicians, newspapers, and writers are always to be found championing Jewish interests, and in France, where the Socialists control the Government, the real rulers are the Jewish capitalists.

The Semitic money-kings seem to have been equally successful in securing control of the Socialistic movement in this country, as wherever Jewish and British interests conflict, the venal Socialist, Labour, and extreme Radical politicians and newspaper editors are found fighting on the Jewish side. Thus the movement for stopping the flooding of this country with alien criminals, paupers, anarchists, lunatics, etc., has from the first been strongly opposed by these politicians and editors, and the bitter war waged by the Socialist, Labour, and Radical parties against England's National Church is inspired, not so much by the English Nonconformists as by the Jewish capitalists, who supply these parties with such a large portion of their funds and control so many of their newspaper organs.

JOSEPH BANNISTER.

100, Goldhurst Terrace, Hampstead, N.W.,
September 6, 1909.

SIGNATURES OF SPENSER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In his "Life of Shakespeare," Mr. Sidney Lee writes:—"As in the case of Edmund Spenser, and of almost all the great

authors who were contemporary with Shakespeare, no fragment of Shakespeare's handwriting outside his signatures—no letter or any scrap of his literary work is known to be in existence." That we have at least two fragments of Spenser's handwriting—one of them of considerable length—is beyond dispute. The first is the "Answer to Edmund Spenser . . . to the Articles of Instructions given in charge to the Commissioners for examining and inquiring of Her Majesty's attainted lands part to the undertakers," from which we learn that, although Kilcolman and Rossack had been assigned to him, a great portion of the lands attached thereto were wanting. This document will be found printed in full in the "Calendar of Irish State Papers," 1588-1592, p. 198. In the same volume of documents in the Public Record Office are included contemporary copies of Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland," and also "A Brief Note of Ireland," which, apart from the endorsement, might readily have been assigned by Spenser. The document is even referred to by Mr. Sidney Lee himself in his article on Spenser in "The Dictionary of National Biography," as Mr. Greenwood has shown in his "Shakespeare Problem Re-stated." Mr. Lee must have forgotten this previous reference when he wrote the passage given from his "Life of Shakespeare."

The second document is a holograph grant to one McHenry, of the woods of Balliganin, Co. Cork, in the possession of the British Museum. This is apparently unknown to either Mr. Lee or Mr. Greenwood, although a facsimile appears in the large volume of manuscript facsimiles edited by Dr. Warner. It is entirely in Spenser's handwriting.

Mr. Greenwood refers to a document reproduced in facsimile in Garnett and Gosse's "History of English Literature" as a "Document in the handwriting of Edmund Spenser." Dr. Grosart had previously styled them as "wholly in the handwriting of Spenser." This is a mistake, as the document is in the handwriting of a clerk, and is only certified by the poet as secretary to the Lord Deputy. Still, the signature is there.

The purpose of this letter is simply to show that there are more specimens of Spenser's handwriting extant than Mr. Lee is aware of—at least more than those of Shakespeare, so that Mr. Lee's reference to Spenser is somewhat unfortunate.

GEORGE STRONACH.

Edinburgh, September 9, 1909.

MAKERS OF OUR CLOTHES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In this week's ACADEMY appears a notice of "Makers of our Clothes"—a compilation by Mrs. Carl Meyer and Clementina Black.

The tone of the notice shows that the writer thereof, and presumably therefore, in a general sense, THE ACADEMY also, is in sympathy with those who suffer from the "sweating" system of which the above-mentioned ladies so energetically complain. So am I, but as I would rather deal with the source of the evil, or at least, the chief source of the evil, than with some of its consequences, I am not by any means sure that either Mrs. Carl Meyer or Clementina Black can be regarded seriously as a champion of the sweated ones.

By way of explanation of my doubt, I would draw the attention of yourself and of your readers (amongst whom I trust Mrs. Carl Meyer and Clementina Black are included) to a letter from me which appeared in THE ACADEMY of May 22 last. In that letter, in which I referred to the possibility of protection being obtained for "those industries from which Englishmen have been ousted," I said: "It is well that Englishmen should know that the leading spirits in the anti-sweating movement are pro-alien to a man—I might say to a woman."

Will you allow me to say now that in making this suggestion, I had in view particularly persons like Clementina Black—who, I may inform your readers, has recently been writing in the "Daily Chronicle" on this subject, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt that she "holds a brief" for the alien; that is to say, whilst exclaiming loudly against sweating, is one of those to whom I referred in my letter mentioned above, thus: "Their motto is protection of sweated industries, with free importation of the human material, without which sweating would be difficult, if not impossible."

From the circumstance that THE ACADEMY is about the only paper that will allow a letter to appear that is not favourable to this importation of material ready for use by the "sweater," I can only conclude that there is a conspiracy of suppression in press circles generally; indeed, I am told by those who ought to know that this suppression is due to the majority of the London papers being owned or controlled by Jewish financiers or Jewish advertisers. Will either of the two ladies above-mentioned let us have their views on this particular point?

P. VARNALS.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have read this article with interest and some surprise. Does the writer really believe, as he certainly implies, that armorial bearings were in existence in the time of the Conqueror, and even more remote Scottish kings?

It is probable that the very earliest beginnings of heraldry in England may be traced in the group of simple quarterly shields borne by the Mandevilles and allied families, shields which may have originated as early as the reign of Stephen ("Geoffrey de Mandeville," pp. 393-396). But even at a much later date heraldry was still in a somewhat embryonic condition. There is no proof that even the kings of England bore arms until we come to the first Great Seal of Richard I. (1189), which displays a single lion rampant; and this tentative shield was soon abandoned for the well-known coat of the three "lions passant gardant," or "leopards," as the older heralds styled their conventional animal when it was depicted "looking sidelong towards the spectator." ("Ancestor," I, p. 52.) These, the present Royal Arms, first appear on Richard I.'s second Great Seal, which, as Mr. Round has proved from record evidence ("Feudal England," pp. 539-551, was not adopted until 1198, instead of in 1194, as stated by the chroniclers. Even in the next century the hereditary character of armorial bearings had not become absolutely fixed, as is shown by the fact that Roger de Quiney, 2nd Earl of Winchester, bore quite a different coat from that borne by his father, Saher de Quiney, 1st Earl, who died 1219. (Doyle, "Official Baronage," III, pp. 694-5).

As to the stories quoted as to the origin of various arms, they seem largely to belong to the notorious class of fables invented to account for arms already in existence. Take, for instance, the three gauntlets borne by the family styled variously Fane (elder branch) or Vane (younger branch). The writer gravely repeats the legend that these commemorate the prowess of Sir Henry Vane at Poitiers. But it is well known that this Sir Henry is an invention of the pedigree-makers, the family being founded by Harry Vane of Tonbridge, a Kentish yeoman who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century ("Ancestor," 12, pp. 4-5). These gauntlets are doubtless an example of "armes parlantes," originating in "a play upon the word glove, which in the old French is *gawn*, *waun*, or *vaun*, the last form giving a sound near enough to Vane to satisfy the easily satisfied punster in armory" (Ibid., p. 8).

Again, the Fortescue myth was one of those stories singled out for denunciation as fabulous by the highest authority on Anglo-Norman genealogy, Mr. Round ("Studies in Peerage and Family History," p. 61).

Lowestoft, Sept. 3, 1909.

G. H. WHITE.

TENNYSON AND HIS WHITEWASHERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—Having been greatly interested in your current controversy regarding Tennyson, I should like to add my own opinion concerning his work to the varied quantity which has already appeared in your columns.

Personally, I think that Tennyson is much abused during the present age, and I am always glad to meet his admirers. His mysticism has ever fascinated me, though I do not like his entire product; but then every genius is so versatile and many-sided that he must needs subjugate all kinds and conditions of natures to his own, and again repel each one on some particular point. Thus, as I chiefly enjoy the wild Pagan abandon of beauty, I lose the gentler and different expression of the latter quality in Tennyson's rural pieces, whilst his "Dora" and "Enoch Arden" are my frank abhorrence. However, my inmost sense responds to "In Memoriam" and "The Idylls of the King."

With the last-named work, especially, Tennyson has done English literature an invaluable service. He has glorified the old Celtic traditions and redeemed them from the port wine and walnuts after-dinner spirit cast upon their radiance by the quaint but rather coldly worded chronicles of Sir Thomas Malory. With the "Idylls" Tennyson has vastly influenced the people, he has helped to propagate the issue of plays, books, and poems on the Arthurian cycle of myths, and struck a true note of chivalry in the minds of modern men.

Another point about Tennyson is the deep knowledge of science and nature contained in his work. I say "contained" and not "displayed," because he never gilded his stanzas with learning from a mere *parvenu* desire to show off, but it came naturally from his pen as he wrote, with the easy familiarity of true wisdom. Thus Tennyson excels over Milton in this respect, for if Milton had a pardonable weakness it was to reveal his

huge stores of enlightenment. To give a few instances of Tennyson's graphic illustrative powers, I will quote a little from his "Holy Grail." On the very first page he describes some "world-old yew trees," and sings that the wilful gusts of an April morning "puff'd the swaying branches into smoke." Of course he refers to the pollen dust which was blown from the shaken tree like smoke by the wind. Again, he speaks of a deaf, blue-eyed cat, and according to Darwin's "Origin of Species," white blue-eyed cats are generally deaf. Once more in "In Memoriam" he says—

"Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,

Which grief has shaken into frost";

and to my idea naught could surpass the picturesque accuracy of the line—

" the lark

Shot up and shrilled in flickering gyres."

A truly interesting instance of Tennyson's scientific correctness was once pointed out to me by an acquaintance. He remarked that the poet in one of his pieces made mention of the fact that Nature only brings the fiftieth seed to fruition and wastes all the rest. Now, as this truth was "discovered" by Huxley many years after Tennyson's time, we must really pay homage to the bard's intuition and observation. Besides this, Tennyson always tried his utmost to beautify his mother tongue, and so we discover him attempting to sweeten the word "holly-hock" by inscribing it as "hollyoak." This flower-name seems to be unhappy in English alone, as the plants are prettily called "Malven" in German, and still more charmingly "les roses trémières" in French.

I appreciate Tennyson's poem "The Sisters," with its weird, tragic refrain. "The Lady of Shalott" also retains a special corner of my heart despite my scholastic martyrdom therewith, and the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," with its splendid, terrific rhythm, never fails to entrance me, it is so like Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata made definite in words. There is the tramp of a people marching in it; one sees the bier of the illustrious dead, the dim taper-light in silent cathedrals, the burning of red lamps from high niches, the gleam of pale brasses on Catholic altars; one hears the lamentation of mourning armies, the tear-flooded voices of the choirs, the deep vox humanica sobs of the organ; one is well-nigh stifled by a scent of crape and roses.

"Who is he that cometh like an honour'd guest,

With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,

With a nation weeping and breaking on my rest?"

And last but not least, did any seer, prophet or bard ever express all the irrevocable fleetness of existence, the depthless drama of mortality, and the whole immense terror of our death-beset being more concisely than Tennyson does, in two little solitary lines of "In Memoriam," wherein he cries—

"Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,

And passes into gloom again."

Could anyone have revealed the secret anguish of life better and in fewer words? I doubt it.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

88, Duke's Avenue, Chiswick.

GALLANT LITTLE WALES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Let Mr. T. Dalrymple Duncan, who ventures to assert that "it is impossible to discover any evidence of gallantry that Wales has ever exhibited save in returning thirty-two acrid mediocrities to the House of Commons," look for a moment at the Army List and study the record of a famous Welsh regiment. Some years ago an attempt was made in one of our magazines to determine which was the most distinguished regiment in the British Army, and, after the claims of all possible competitors had been carefully considered, the palm was given to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

MICHAEL MACMILLAN.

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The Romance of Modern Chemistry. By James C. Philip, D.Sc. Seeley and Co. 5s.

Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England. By Frederick W. Hackwood. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

Aerial Navigation of To-day. By Charles C. Turner. Seeley and Co. 5s. net.
Junior Course of Comparative Geography. By P. H. L'Estrange. George Philip and Son. 3s. 6d. net.
Junior Course of Comparative Geography. (South America and Africa.) George Philip and Son. 10d. net.
Surnames of the United Kingdom. Vol. II., Part I. By Henry Harrison. Eaton Press. 1s. net.
The Royal Ordering of Gardens. By Major Reginald Rankin, F.R.H.S. T. Nelson and Sons.
The National Gallery. Part 16. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. net.

FICTION

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Shoulder to Shoulder. By the Rev. G. G. Muir. Robert Culley. 2s. 6d.
The Dates of Genesis. By the Rev. F. A. Jones. Kingsgate Press. 5s. net.

MAGAZINES

Antiquary; Celtic Review; Deutsche Rundschau; Mercure de France; Revue Bleue; School World; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Broadside; Representation; Putnam's; University Bulletin.

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Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts *parvenus* of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
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